SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

1509/811.

NEW PANTOMIME

CALLED

Lord Mayor's Day;

OR, A

Flight from Lapland.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand. 1782.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
62
JUL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain	Mr. Bannister.
Sailor	Mr. Brett.
Gobble	Mr. Wilson.
Serjeant	Mr. Davies.
Barber	Mr. Mills.
Glazier	Mr. Darley.
Vintner	Mr. Booth.
Hatter	Mr. Doyle.
Clod	Mr. Edwin.

Lucretia	Mrs. Wilson.
Polly	Miſs Morris.
Aërial Spirit	Mrs. Martyr.

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JUL

SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN

LORD MAYOR's DAY.

ACT I.

RECITATIVE.——*Spirit.*

HIS ring contains his power,
If that you gain,
You liberty for Colombine obtain,
And to your mind
A fair auſpicious wind
Shall blow from Lapland's icy ſhore,
And waft you to the Nore,
And thus the Sorc'rer bind.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.——*Spirit.*

IN pleaſure's wildeſt round,
——————— be found,
And ſprightly gambol ſtill, with airy whim, and ſportive wile
Thy cares beguile,
Never ceaſing joy to win,
Be all that fancy can ſuppoſe---be Harlequin.

RECITATIVE.——*Spirit.*

FOR France, if you eſteem a cotillion,
For Italy, if you prefer a ſong,
That for America if you want to fight.
If a good knife and fork you wiſh to play,
That wind's for London, on a Lord Mayor's Day.

AIR.

AIR.——*Spirit.*

Airy, wild, fantaſtic youth,
From theſe icy regions fly;
London---ſeat of honor---truth,
Courts thy preſence, hither hie.
Swift as Time then haſte away,
Time enough for Lord Mayor's Day.

II.

Sweet and gentle Colombine,
Firſt ſome tranſient perils prove,
Then ſhall ev'ry joy be thine,
Joys to crown thy faithful love.

DUETT.——*Sailor* and *Polly.*

POLLY.

Oh, welcome home, my deareſt Jack,

SAILOR.

What cheer, my pretty Polly?

POLLY.

Rejoic'd to ſee my love come back,

SAILOR.

Then why ſo melancholy?
But whither bound, my charming ſnow?

POLLY.

Alas, I know not whither.

SAILOR.

If turn'd adrift, and frighted ſore,
A fair wind blew me hither.
A buſs, but firſt your apron hold,
To rig you out compleatly.

POLLY.

Oh, bleſs my heart, is all this gold?

SAILOR.

It is, now kiſs me ſweetly.

POLLY.

But, deareſt Jack,

SAILOR.

What ſays my wench?

POLLY.

Oh, tell me how you got 'em?

SAILOR.

I drubb'd the Spaniards, bang'd the French,
And kick'd Mynheer's broad bottom.
Let's weigh for church,

POLLY.

But deareſt life,
Ah, will you e'er deceive me?

SAILOR.

I tell you, no.

POLLY.

But when your wife,
Ah, ſay you'll never leave me.

SAILOR.

My King and Country---

POLLY.

POLLY.

Oh, no more.
For both you've done your duty.

SAILOR.

Your hand for life,
I'm laſh'd on ſhore,
Wind-bound by love and beauty.

BOTH.

Let ſailors, when their ſweethearts mourn,
Thus cheer 'em with a kind return.
A port like me let ſailors find,
With ſweethearts conſtant, fair, and kind.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

AIR.——*Captain, Serjeant, Tradeſmen.*

CAPTAIN.

IF the French ſhould come,
What barber ſo bold
A helping hand will lend us?

SERJEANT.

But beat up your drum,
And ſee, behold,
A barber here to defend us.

BARBER.

Like St. Dunſtan at the Devil, I'd ruſh on Britain's foes,
And with my curling irons take a Frenchman by the noſe.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

But it's all one to me,
Such merry men we be,
And the more we ſoldiers drink ſtill the merrier we be.

CAPTAIN.

If the French ſhould come,
What glazier bold
A helping hand will lend us?

SERJEANT.

But beat up your drum,
And ſee, behold,
A glazier to defend us.

GLAZIER.

I'd cut 'em into panes, as my diamond cuts up glaſs,
And darken up their day-lights, ſo let the jorum paſs.

Chorus——But it's all one, &c.

CAP-

CAPTAIN.

If the French ſhould come,
What vintner ſo bold
A helping hand will lend us?

SERJEANT.

But beat up your drum,
And ſee, behold,
A vintner here to defend us.

VINTNER.

I'll punch 'em into port, and their claret let us ſpill;
I'll rack 'em with champaign, and I'll bring 'em in my bill.

Chorus——But it's all one, &c.

CAPTAIN.

If the French ſhould come,
What hatter ſo bold
A helping hand will lend us?

SERJEANT.

SERJEANT.

But beat up your drum,
And ſee, behold,
A hatter here to defend us.

HATTER.

Black as my hat I'd beat 'em, the Frenchman,
Dutch and Don,
And leave 'em ne'er a head to hang their hats
upon.

Chorus——But all's one to me, &c.

SONG.——*Gobble.*

Tune, " *O what a charming thing's a battle!*"

Oh, what a charming thing's our dinner!
Come ye ſouls who love good eating,
Sharp our knives, yet ſtomachs keener,
When Guildhall the place of meeting.

With

With what pleaſure are we ſpying
Such delicious, dainty fare!
Turtle, veniſon, pheaſant, hare,
All our favorite diſhes eying!
At each bit each friend defying,
With a brimmer come who dare.
Turtle haſh,
Calipaſh,
Sop
Pop,
All the while the fiddlers playing
Fiddle faddle,
Strim-ſtram ſtrumming,
Piping, drumming,
Oh, what a charming thing's a dinner!

Thus the pleaſant'ſt joke of all
Is when we dine in our Guildhall;
Empty diſhes, well-fill'd bellies,
Puddings, paſties, pies and jellies!
Drink and eat,
Glorious treat!
Sharp our knives, yet ſtomachs keener;
Giants wonder,
Blood and thunder!
What a charming thing's our dinner!

FINALE.

FINALE.

WHILE thus old Thames with ſplendid pride,
And ſilver ſtream ſhall nobly glide,
Oh, London, ever may'ſt thou be
Still honor'd, wealthy, great and free.
And as we gently float along,
Sweet Naïds chaunt this glorious ſtrain:
Sound, Tritons, catch this choral ſong,
And bear it to the wond'ring main.

Oh, London, ever, &c.

THE END.